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## THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS, THEIR MEMORIES AND GREAT MEN.

### CHAPTER THE TENTH.

*Henry the Eighth—His Person and Character—Modern Qualifications of it considered—Passages respecting him from Lingard, Baker, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and others—His additions to Whitehall.*

We have said more about Wolsey than we intend to say of Henry the Eighth; for the son of the butcher was a great man, and his master was only a king. Henry, born a prince, became a butcher; Wolsey, a butcher, became a prince. And we are not playing upon the word, as applied to the king; for Henry was not only a butcher of his wives, he resembled a brother of the trade in the better and more ordinary course. His pleasures were of the same order; his language was coarse and jovial; he had the very straddle of a fat butcher, as he stands in his doorway. Take any picture or statue of Henry the Eighth,—fancy it's cap off, and a knife in its girdle, and it seems in the very act of saying—"What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" There is even the petty complacency in the mouth, after the phrase is uttered.

And how formidable is that petty unfeeling mouth, in the midst of those wide and wilful cheeks! Disturb the self-satisfaction of that man, derange his bile for an instant, make him suppose that you do not quite think him

"Wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best,"

and what hope have you from the decision of that mass of pampered egotism?

Let us not do injustice, however, even to the doers of it. What better was to be looked for, in those times, from the circumstances under which Henry was born and bred,—from the son of a wilful father, and an unfeeling state marriage,—from the educated combiner of church and state, instinctively led to entertain the worldliest notions of both, and of Heaven itself,—from the inheritor of the greatest wealth, and power and irresponsibility, ever yet concentrated in an English sovereign? It has been attempted of late, by various writers, (and the attempt is a good symptom, being on the charitable side) to make out a case for Henry the Eighth, as if he were a sort of rough but honest fellow, a kind of John Bull of that age, who meant well upon the whole, and thought himself bound to keep up the conventionalities of his country. We know not what compliment is intended to be implied by this, either to Henry or his countrymen; but really when a man sends one of his wives after the other to the scaffold, evidently as much to enable him to marry another as to vindicate any propriety,—when he "cuts" and sacrifices his best friends and servants, and pounces upon their goods,—when he takes every licence himself, though he will not allow others even to be suspected of it,—when he grows a brute-beast in size as well as in habits, and dies shedding superfluous blood to the last,—we cannot, for our parts, as Englishmen, but be glad of some better excuses for him, of the kind above stated, than find them in the roots of the national character, however jovial. Imagine only the endearments that must have passed between this

man and Anne Bullen, and then fancy the heart that could have sent the poor little, hysterical, half-laughing, half-crying thing to the scaffold! The man was mad with power and vanity. That is his real excuse.

It has been said, that all which he did was done by law, or at least under the forms of it, and by the consent, sometimes by the recommendation, of his statesmen. The assertion is not true in all instances; and where it is, what does it prove but that his tyrannical spirit had helped to make his statesmen slaves? They knew what he wished, and notoriously played the game into his hands. When they did not, their heads went off. That circumstances had spoilt them altogether, and that society, with all its gaudiness, was but in a half-barbarous state, is granted; but it is no less true, that his office, his breeding, and his natural temper, conspired to make Henry the worst and most insolent of a violent set of men; and he stands straddling out accordingly in history, as he does in his pictures, an image of sovereign brutality.

Excessive vanity, aggravated by all the habits of despotism and luxury, and accompanied, nevertheless, by that unconscious misgiving which is natural to inequalities between a man's own powers and those which he derives from his position, is the clue to the character of Henry the Eighth; and accordingly no man gave greater ear to tale-bearers and sowers of suspicion, nor resented more cruelly or meanly the wounds inflicted on his self-love, even by those who least intended them, or to whom he had shewn the greatest fondness. The latter, indeed, he treated the worst, out of a frenzy of egotistical disappointment; for his love arose not from any real regard for their merits, but from what he had taken for a flattery to his own. Sir Thomas More knew him well, when, in observation to some one who had congratulated him on the King's having walked up and down with his arm around his neck, he said that he would have that neck cut in two next day, if the head belonging to it opposed his will. He not only took back without scruple all that he had given to Wolsey, but he went to live in the houses of his fallen friend and servant,—places which a man of any feeling and kindly remembrance would have avoided. He was very near picking a murderous quarrel with his last wife, Catherine Parr, on one of his theological questions. And how did he conduct himself to the memory of poor Anne Bullen, even on the day of her execution? Hear Lingard, who, though no partizan of his, thinks he must have had some heinous cause of provocation, to induce him to behave so roughly:

"Thus fell," says the historian, "this unfortunate Queen, within four months after the death of Catherine. To have expressed a doubt of her guilt during the reign of Henry, or of her innocence during that of Elizabeth, would have been deemed a proof of disaffection. The question soon became one of religious feeling, rather than of historical disquisition. Though she had departed no farther than her husband from the ancient doctrine, yet, as her marriage with Henry led to the separation from the communion of Rome, the Catholic writers were eager to condemn, the Protestant to exculpate her memory. In the absence of those documents which alone could enable us to decide with truth, I will only observe that the King must have been impelled by some pow-

erful motive, to exercise against her such extraordinary, and, in one supposition, such superfluous vigour. Had his object been (we are sometimes told that it was) to place Jane Seymour by his side on the throne, the divorce of Anne without execution, or the execution without the divorce, would have effected his purpose. But he seemed to have pursued her with insatiable hatred. Not content with taking her life, he made her feel in every way in which a wife and a mother could feel. He stamped on her character the infamy of adultery and incest; he deprived her of the name and right of wife and Queen; and he even bastardized her daughter, though he acknowledged that daughter to be his own. If then, he were not assured of her guilt, he must have discovered in her conduct some most heinous cause of provocation, which he never disclosed. He had wept at the death of Catherine (of Arragon); but, as if he sought to display his contempt for the character of Anne, he dressed himself in white on the day of her execution, and was married to Jane Seymour the next morning.\*

Now, nothing could be more indecent and unmanly than such conduct as this, let Anne have been guilty as she might; and nothing, in such a man, but mortified self-love could account for it. Probably he had discovered, that in some of her moments of levity, she had laughed at him. But not to love him would have been offence enough. It would have been the first time he had discovered the possibility of such an impiety towards his barbarous divinityship; and his rage must needs have been unbounded.

What Providence may intend by such instruments, is one thing: what we are constituted to think of them, is another; charitably, no doubt, when we think our utmost; but still with a discrimination, for fear of consequences. As to what was thought of Henry in his own time, or afterwards, we must not take the opinion of Baker, Holinshed, and other servile chroniclers of mean understanding and time-serving habits, who were the least honourable kind of "waiters upon providence," taking the commonest appearances of adversity and prosperity (so to speak) for vice and virtue, and flattering every arbitrary and conventional opinion, as though it were not to perish in its turn.† We are to recollect what More said of

\* 'Lingard,' Vol iv. p. 246. (Quarto Edit.)

† We have noticed the character of Baker himself, and that which he has given of Henry, in another department of the LONDON JOURNAL; but as the passage is apposite to the subject before us, and will serve to complete our view of it in company with the reader, we take occasion of the amusing quotations which it involves, to repeat it.

"Sir Richard Baker," says Granger, "was the noted author of 'A Chronicle of the Kings of England,' a book formerly in great vogue; but which was ever more esteemed by readers of a lower class, than by such as had a critical knowledge of history. The language of it was, in this reign (that of Charles the First), called polite; and it long maintained its reputation, especially among country gentlemen. Sir Richard's own encomium of his 'Chronicle,' in his preface to that work, is supposed to have recommended it to many of his readers. He says, 'that it is collected with so great care and diligence, that if all other of our chronicles were lost, this only would be sufficient to inform posterity of all passages memorable, or worthy to be known.' The author seems to have been more studious to please than to inform; and, with that view, to have sacrificed even chronology to method. In 1658, Edward Phillips, nephew to Milton, published a third edition to this work, with the addition of the reign of Charles I. It has been several times reprinted since, and is now carried as low as the reign of George I. Sir Richard was also an author of many books of divinity, and translated Malvezzi's

him (as above) in his confidential moments, and Wolsey in his agony, and Pole and others, when, having got to a safe distance, they returned him foul language for his own bullying, and blustered out with what was thought of him by those who knew him thoroughly. Observe also the manifest allusions in what was written upon the court of those days, by one of the wisest and best of its ornaments, Sir Thomas Wyatt, a friend of Anne Bullen's. The verses, are entitled, 'Of a Courtier's Life,' and it may be observed, by the way, that they furnish the second example, in the English language, of the use of the Italian *rime terzette*, or triplets, in which Dante's poem is written, and which had been first introduced among us by Sir Thomas's friend, the Earl of Surrey (another of Henry's victims):—

Mine owne John Poynes, sins ye delight to know  
The causes why that homeward I me draw  
And flee the praise of courtes whereso they goe,  
Rather than to live thrall under the awe  
Of lordly looks, wrapped within my cloke,  
To will and lust learning to set a law,  
It is not, that because I storme or mocke  
The power of those whom fortune here hath lent  
Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke;  
But true it is, that I have always ment  
Less to esteeme them, than the common sort  
Of outward things that judge in their entent;

My Poynes, I cannot frame my tong to fayn,  
To cloke the truth, for praise, without desert,  
Of them that list all vice for to retayne;  
I cannot honour them that set theyr part  
With Venus and Bacchus their life long,  
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart;  
I cannot crouch, nor kneele to such a wrong,  
To worship them like GOD ON EARTH ALONE,  
That are as wolves these sely lambs among.

(Here was a sigh perhaps to the memory of his poor friend Anne):—

I cannot wrest the law to fyll the coffer  
With innocent blood to feed my selfe fat,  
And do most hurt where that most help I offer;  
I am not he that can allow the state  
Of hye Caesar, and damn Cato to die;

(An allusion probably to Sir Thomas More).

'Discourses on Tacitus,' and Balzac's 'Letters.' Most of his books were composed in the Fleet prison, into which he threw himself to avoid his creditors. He died in his confinement the 18th of February 1644-5. Mr Daines Barrington ('Observation on the Statutes'), speaking of this history, observes, that 'Baker is by no means so contemptible a writer as he is generally supposed to be; it is believed,' says that author, 'that the ridicule on this "Chronicle" arises from its being part of the furniture of Sir Roger de Coverley's Hall.'

What sort of a writer Baker was, the reader may judge for himself by the following extract. He has given a character just as preposterous of James the First, by whom he was knighted, and whom he represents as equally scholarly and scurrilous: ("tam Marti," says he, "quam Mercurio"). In short, Sir Richard appears to have been a man, either of little scruple in such matters, or wholly moved by a personal sense of his connexion with rank and authority. No such character would probably have been given of Henry the Eighth by his ancestor Sir John Baker, who was the only privy councillor that refused his assent to the royal will and testament, by which Mary and Elizabeth were excluded from the succession. There is a certain picturesque simplicity occasionally (probably not his own), in the midst of his ignorant and unscrupulous compilations, that makes him no unfit author in Sir Roger de Coverley's library; though Addison certainly intended him no compliment on any other score, by putting him there. The passage we here extract, however, is the less unworthy of curiosity, inasmuch as it will show, in a very strong light, the distinctions habitually entertained by our ancestors, with respect to the moral privileges of man and woman-kind; for Henry, who is here not only excused, but vindicated, for his treatment of his wives, was notoriously no observer of continence himself. Henry the Eighth has a right, of course, to every excuse from a philosophic historian, brought up as he was, and the inheritor of a power and wealth unknown to the crown till his time; but to allow every excuse to him, and none to his unfortunate wives (even if guilty), is no longer the sort of justice which will be meted out by the fellow-creatures of both. All the readers of Sir Richard's chronicle will now laugh at his one-sided and gratuitous absurdities.

"Hee (Henry the Eighth, says our once popular historian) was exceeding tall of stature, and very strong; fair of complexion, in his latter days corpulent and barley. Concerning his condition, he was a prince of so many good parts, that one would wonder he could have any ill; and, indeed, he had not many ill, till flattery and ill council, in his latter time, got the upper hand of him. His cruelty to his wives may not only be excused, but defended; for if they were incontinent, he did but justice; if they were not so, yet it was sufficient to satisfy his conscience, that he thought he had cause to think them so. And if the marriage bed be honourable in all, in princes it is sacred. [Then, why didn't he keep it so himself?] In sup-

Affirm that favill (fable-lying) hathe a goodly grace

In eloquence, and cruelty to name  
Zeale of justice, and change in time and place;  
And he that suffreth offence without blame,  
Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne  
That raysteth reckles unto each man's shame;  
Say he is rude, that cannot lye and fayne,  
The lecher a lover, AND TYRANNY  
TO BE RIGHT OF A PRINCE'S RAIGNE;  
I cannot, I;—no, no;—it will not be:  
This is the cause that I could never yet  
Hang on their sleeves, that weigh, as thou  
maist see,  
A chippe of chaunce more than a pound of wit;  
This makes me at home to hunt and hawke,  
And in foul weather at my booke to sit;  
In frost and snowe, then with my bowe stalke;  
No man doth marke whereso I ryde or goe;  
In lustie lens at libertie I walke.

Towards the conclusion, he says he does not spend his time among those who have their wits taken away with Flanders cheer and "beastliness":—

Nor I am not, where truth is given in prey  
For money, and prison and treason of some  
A common practice used night and day;  
But I am here in Kent and Christendom,  
Among the Muses, where I read and ryme;  
Where if thou list, mine owne John Poynes, to come,  
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

Among the poems of Surrey, is a sonnet in reproach of 'Sardanapalus,' which probably came to the knowledge of Henry, and may have been intended to do so.

It was in Whitehall that Henry made his ill-assorted marriage with Anne Bullen;—Dr Lingard says in a "garret;" Stow says in the royal "closet." It is likely enough that the ceremony was hurried and sudden;—a fit of will, perhaps, during his wine; and if the closet was not ready, the garret was. The clergyman who officiated was shortly afterwards made a bishop.

Henry died in Whitehall; so fat, that he was

pressing of abbeyes, he showed not little piety but great providence; but though they were excellent things, being rightly used, yet most pestilent, being abused; and then they were justly suppressed, when the abuse scarce possibly can be restrained. To think he suppressed abbeyes out of covetousness and desire of gain, it is to make him extremely deceived in his reckoning; for if we compare the point with the charge that followed, we shall find him certainly a great loser by the bargain. He was so farre from pride, that he was rather too humble; at least he conversed with his subjects in a more familiar way than was usual with princes. (As if a very proud man could not do this, out of the sense of unsurpassable distance between them!) So valiant, that his whole life almost was nothing but exercise of the valour; and though performed amongst his friends in jest, yet they prepared him against his enemies in earnest, and they that durst be his enemies, found it. It may be said, the complexion of his government for the first twenty years, was sanguine and joviall; for the rest, choleric and bloody; and it may be doubted, whether in the former, he were more prodigal of his own treasure, or in the latter of his subject's blood; for as he spent more in fiction, than any other king did in realities; so in any distempers of his people, he had no other physick, but to open a vein! But we shall do him extreme wrong to think that all the blood shed in his time, was of his shedding; they were the bishops that were the *Dracs* to make the bloody laws; the bishops that were the *Phalaris*, to put them in execution; the King oftentimes scarce knowing what was done. Certain it is, when a great lord put a gentleman on the second time on the rack, the King hearing of it, exceedingly condemned him for such extreme cruelty. As for religion, though he brought it not to a full reformation, yet he gave it so great a beginning, that we may truly say of that he did—*Dimidium plus toto* (a half greater than the whole)."

Sir Richard here undertakes to disprove the charge of incontinency against Henry, by telling us that he was married one month to Anne of Cleves, yet held her person sacred. The words are not such, but such is his meaning. Everybody knows to what this sacredness amounted. He delicately exclaimed when he first beheld her, "They have brought me a Flanders' mare!" and resolved from that moment not to live with her. Sir Richard then concludes his character as follows:—"But this is to make *nostalgia*; I like better to leave every flower growing upon its stalk, that it may be gathered fresh, which will be done by reading the story of his life."

We take the early part of Baker's work to be the best. The author got them out of the old English chroniclers, and deserves the thanks of the reader for retaining the truly personal portraits of the Henrys and Edwards, which Hume and other historians, out of an unphilosophical notion of the dignity of history, have too much neglected. Among other amusing particulars, we are startled, even for venerable antiquity's sake, to find, that Henry the Third, whose visual faculties were none of the best, was libellously designated by a man of that time, in language familiar to modern streets, as "a squint-eyed fool!"

lifted to and fro his chamber and sitting-room by means of machinery.

He was "somewhat gross, or, as we tearme it, bournie," says time-serving Holinshed.\*

"He laboured under the burden of an extream fat and unweildy body," says noble Herbert of Cherbury.†

"The king," says Lingard, "had long indulged without restraint in the pleasures of the table. At last he grew so enormously corpulent, that he could neither support the weight of his own body, nor remove without the aid of machinery into the different apartments of his palace. Even the fatigue of subscribing his name to the writings which required his signature, was more than he could bear; and to relieve him from this duty, three commissioners were appointed, of whom two had authority to apply to the paper a dry stamp, bearing the letters of the king's name, and the third to draw a pen furnished with ink over the blank impression. An inveterate ulcer in the thigh, which had more than once threatened his life, and which now seemed to baffle all the skill of the surgeons, added to the irascibility of his temper."‡

It was under this Prince (as already noticed) that the palace of the Archbishop of York first became the "King's Palace at Westminster," and expanded into that mass of houses which stretched to St James's Park. He built a gate-house, which stood across what is now the open street, and a gallery connecting the two places, and overlooking a tilt-yard; and on the park-side he built a cock-pit, a tennis-court, and alleys for bowling; for although he put women to death, he was fond of manly sports. He was also a patron of the fine arts; and gave an annuity, and rooms in the palace, to the celebrated Holbein, who is said to have designed the gate, as well as decorated the interior. It is to Holbein we are indebted for our familiar acquaintance with his figure.

The reader is to bear in mind, that the street in front of the modern Banqueting-house was always open as it is now, from Charing-cross to the Abbey, narrowing opposite to the south-end of the Banqueting-house, at which point the gate looked up it towards the Cross. Just opposite the Banqueting-house, to the left of the present Horse Guards, was the tilt-yard. The whole mass of houses and gardens on the river side comprised the royal residence. Down this open street then, just as people walk now, we may picture to ourselves Henry coming with his regal pomp, and Wolsey with his priestly; Sir Thomas More strolling thoughtfully, perhaps talking with quiet-faced Erasmus; Holbein looking about him with an artist's eyes; Surrey coming gallantly in his cloak and feather, as Holbein has painted him; and a succession of Henry's wives, with their flitting groups, on horseback, or under canopy;—handsome, stately Catherine of Arragon; laughing Anne Bullen; quiet Jane Seymour; gross-bodied but sensible Anne of Cleves; demure Catherine Howard, who played such pranks before marriage; and disputatious yet buxom Catherine Parr, who survived one tyrant to become the broken-hearted wife of a smaller one. Down this road, also, came gallant companies of knights and 'squires to the tilting-yard; but of them we shall have more to say in the time of Elizabeth.

We see little of Edward the Sixth, and less of Lady Jane Grey and Queen Mary, in connexion with Whitehall. Edward once held the Parliament there, on account of his sickly condition; and he used to hear Latimer preach in the Privy Garden (still so called), where a pulpit was erected for him on purpose. As there are gardens there still to the houses erected on the spot, one may stand by the rails, and

\* Vol. III. p. 562. Edit. 1608.

† Folio Edit.

‡ Ut supra, p. 347. Henry had been afflicted with this ulcer a long while. He was in danger from it during his marriage with Anne Bullen. It should be allowed him among his excuses of temperament; but then it should also have made him more considerate towards his wives. It never enters the heads, however, of such people that their faults or infirmities are to go for anything, except to make others considerate for them, and warrant whatever humours they choose to indulge.



fancy we hear the voice of the rustical but eloquent and honest prelate, rising through the trees.

Edward has the reputation usually belonging to young and untried sovereigns, and very likely deserves some of it; certainly not all,—as Mr Sharon Turner, one of the most considerate of historians, has shown. He partook of the obstinacy of his father, which was formalized in him by weak health and a precise education; and though he shed tears when prevailed upon to assign poor Joan of Kent to what he thought her eternity of torment, his faults assuredly did not lie on the side of an excess of feeling, as may be seen by the cool way in which he suffered his uncles to go to the scaffold, one after another, and recorded it in the journal which he kept. He would probably have turned out a respectable, but not an admirable sovereign, nor one of an engaging character. Years do not improve a temperament like his.

Even poor Lady Jane Grey's character does not improve upon inspection. The Tudor blood (she was grand-daughter of Henry's sister) manifested itself in her by her sudden love of supremacy the moment she felt a crown on her head, and her preferring to squabble with her husband and his relations (who got it her), rather than let him partake her throne. She insisted he should be only a Duke, and suspected that his family had given her poison for it. This undoes the usual romance of "Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley;"—and thus it is that the possession of too much power spoils almost every human being, practical or theoretical. Lady Jane came out of the elegancies and tranquillities of the schools, and of her Greek and Latin, to find all her Platonisms vanish before a dream of royalty. She re-discovered them, however, when it was over; and that is something. She was brought up a slave, and therefore bred to be despotic in her turn; but habit, vanity, and good sense, alike contributed to restore her to the better part of herself at the last moment.

We confess we pity "Bloody Mary," as she has been called, almost as much as any unfortunate sovereign on record. She caused horrible and odious suffering, but she also suffered horribly herself, and became odious where she would fain have been loved. She had a bigoted education, and a complexional melancholy; was stunted in person, plain in face, with impressive but gloomy eyes; a wife with affections unrequited; and a persecuting, unpopular, but conscientious sovereign. She derived little pleasure apparently from having her way, even in religious matters; but acted as she did out of a narrow sense of duty; and proved her honesty, however perverted, by a perpetual anxiety and uneasiness. When did a charitable set of opinions ever inflict upon honest natures these miseries of an intolerant one?

It was under Elizabeth that Whitehall shone out in all its romantic splendour. It was no longer the splendour of Wolsey alone, nor of Henry alone, or with a great name by his side now and then; but of a queen, surrounded and worshipped through a long reign by a galaxy of the brightest minds and most chivalrous persons ever assembled in English history.

Here she comes, turning round the corner from the Strand, under a canopy of state, leaving the noisier, huzzing multitude behind the barriers that mark the precincts of the palace, and bending her eyes hither and thither, in acknowledgment of the kneeling obeisances of the courtiers. Beside her are Cecil, and Knolles, and Northampton, and Bacon's father; or, later in life, Leicester, and Burleigh, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Greville, and Sir Francis Drake (and Spenser is looking on); or, later still, Essex, and Raleigh, and Bacon himself, and Southampton, Shakspeare's friend, with Shakspeare among the spectators. We shall see her by and bye, at that period, as brought to life to us in the description of Hentzner, the traveller. At present (as we have her at this moment in our eye) she is younger, of a large and tall, but well-made figure, with fine eyes, and finer hands, which she is fond of displaying. We are too apt to think of Elizabeth as thin and elderly, and patched up; but for a good period of her life she was plump and personable, warranting the history of the robust romps of the Lord Admiral, Seymour; and till her latter days (and even then, as far as her powers went), we are always to fancy her at once spirited and stately of carriage, impulsive (except on occasions of ordinary ceremony), and ready to manifest her emotions in look and voice, whether as woman or queen; in a word, a sort of Henry the Eighth corrected by a female nature and a better understanding—or perhaps an Anne Bullen, enlarged, and made less feminine, by the father's grossness. The Protestants have represented her as too staid, and the Catholics as too violent and sensual. According to the latter, Whitehall was a perfect sink of iniquity. It was not likely to be so, for many reasons; but neither, on the other hand, do we take it to have been anything like the pattern of self-denial which some fond writers have supposed. Where there is power, and leisure, and luxury, though of the most legitimate kind, and refinement, though of the most intellectual, self-denial on the side of enjoyment is not apt to be the reigning

philosophy; nor would it reasonably be looked for in any court, at all living in wealth and splendour.

Imagine the sensations of Elizabeth, when she first sat down in the palace at Whitehall, after escaping the perils of imputed illegitimacy, of confinement for party's sake and for religion's, and all the other terrors of her father's reign, and of Mary's, danger of death itself not excepted. She was a young queen of twenty-five years of age, healthy, sprightly, good-looking, with plenty of will, power, and imagination; and the gallantest spirits of the age were at her feet. How pitiable, and how respectable, become almost all sovereigns, when we consider them as human beings put in possession of almost super-human power; and when we reflect in general how they have been brought up, and what a provocative to abuse at all events becomes the possession of a throne! We in general spoil them first;—we always tempt them to take every advantage, by worshipping them as if they were different creatures from ourselves;—and then we are astonished that they should take us at our word. How much better would it be to be astonished at the likeness they retain to us, even in the kindlier part of our weaknesses!

By a very natural process, considering the great and chivalrous men of that day, Elizabeth became at once one of the greatest of queens and one of the most flattered and vain of women. Nor were the courtiers so entirely insincere as they are supposed to have been, when they worshipped her as they did, and gave her credit for all the beauty and virtue under heaven. On the contrary, the power to benefit them went hand-in-hand with their self-love, to give them a sincere though extravagant notion of their mistress; and the romantic turn of the age and its literature, its exploits, its poetry, all conspired to warm and sanction the enthusiasm on both sides, and to blind the admiration to those little outward defects, and inward defects too, which love at all periods is famous for overlooking,—nay, for converting into noble grounds of denial, and of subjection to a sentiment. Thus Elizabeth's hook nose, her red hair, nay, her very age and crookedness at last, did not stand in the way of raptures at her "beauty" and "divine perfections," any more than a flaw in the easket that held a jewel. The spirit of love and beauty was there; the appreciation of the soul of both; the glory of exciting, and of giving, the glorification;—and all the rest was a trifle, an accident, a mortal show of things, which no gentleman and lady can help. The Queen might even swear a good round oath or so occasionally; and what did it signify? It was a pleasant ebullition of the authority which is above taxation; the Queen swore, and not the woman; or if the woman did, it was only an excess of feeling proper to balance the account, and to bring her royalty down to a level with good hearty human nature.

We shall here give a good long extract from the continuation of Holinshed by Stowe and others, describing a curious pageant which took place at Whitehall in the twenty-third year of Elizabeth's reign; that is, when she was in her forty-eighth year. The speeches will be long enough in the reader's ear to make the sound feel present to him, as though he were living at the time and hearing them uttered; and we believe it is here mentioned for the first time, that they were unquestionably written by Sir Philip Sidney, one of the performers in the pageant. They are the "Arcadia" all over,—the same intermixture of conceits and genuine fancies, of plays upon words and the most beautiful thoughts, of sentences interchanging their limbs as in a dance, and of an assumption that nothing can be too finely said, because nothing, in truth, can be more sincerely felt; the *beau idéal* of romance being realised in the very writer's person, and therefore why not in his characters, and in the splendid living image of sovereignty before him?

The account is preceded by a description of a temporary Banqueting House, built for the occasion, which, however, lasted many years, and which appears to have occupied the site of the present one. The tilt-yard, which was the scene of the pageant, stood on the ground of the Treasury over the way. The challengers, among whom were Sir Philip Sidney, and "his friend" Fulke Greville, do not appear to have been dressed in the exquisitest taste. They had too much yellow in their colours;—perhaps, however, from some sentimental allusion. We have marked a conceit, or a beautiful thought, here and there, just to excite the reader's attention. The writing of the speeches is undoubtedly Sir Philip's; and, on the strength of that recognition, may here for the first time, be said to be published. It is his last new performance:—we are all living at the time, and instead of receiving it in a book or magazine, hear it in the royal tilt-yard.

"This yeere (against the coming of certeine commissioners out of France into England) by hir Majestie's appointment, on the sixth and twentieth daie of March in the morning (being Easter daie) a banquetting house was begun at Westminster, on the southwest side of hir Majestie's palace of Whitehall, made in maner and forme of a long square, thrée hundred thirtie and two foot in measure about; thirtie principals made of great

masts, being fortie foot in length apeece, standing up-right; betwene euerie one of these masts ten foot asunder and more. The walles of this house were closed with canuas, and painted all the outsides of the same most artificiallie, with a work called rustike, much like to stone. This house had two hundred ninetie and two lights of glasse. The sides within the same house was made with ten heights of degrés for people to stand vpon; and in the top of this house was wrought most cunninglie upon canuas, works of iuie and hollie, with pendants made of wicker rods, garnished with baie, rue, and all manner of strange flowers garnished with spangles of gold, as also beautified with hanging toseans and made of hollie and iuie, with all maner of strange fruits, as pomegranats, oranges, pompions, cucumbers, grapes, carrets, with such other like, spangled with gold, and most richlie hanged. Betwixt these works of baies and iuie, were great spaces of canuas, which was most cunninglie painted, the clouds with starres, the sunne and sunne-beames, with diuerse other cotes of sundrie sorts belonging to the Queene's Majestie, most richlie garnished with gold. There were of all manner of persons working on this house, to the number of thrée hundred seenty and fise: two men had mischances; the one brake his leg, and so did the other. This house was made in thrée wéeks and thrée days, and was ended the eighteenth daie of April; and cost one thousand seven hundred fortie and four pounds, nineteene shillings, and od monie; as I was crediblie informed by the worshipful Maister Thomas Graue, surueior vnto hir Majestie's works, who serued and gave order for the same, as appeareth by record.

"On the sixteenth daie of April arrived at Douer these noblemen of France (commissioners from the French King to hir Majestie)—Francis of Bourbon, Prince Dolphin of Auergne; Arthur Cossaie, Marshall of France; Lodovic Lusignan, Lord of Laneou; Tauergius Carrecong, countie of Tiller; Bertrand Salignacus Lord Mot Fenelon; Monsieur Manaisour; Barnabie Brissen, President of the Parlement of Paris; Claud Pinart; Monsieur Marchmont; Monsieur Veraie: these came from Grauesend by water to London, where they were honourable received and interteined; and shortlie after being accompanied of the nobilitie of England, they repaired to the court and banquetting house prepared for them at Westminster, as is aforesaid, where hir Majestie

—(decus illæ Britannum  
Gemmâque non alijs inuenienda locis)

with amiable countenance and great courtesie received them; and afterward in that place most roiallie feasted and banquetted them. Also the nobles and gentlemen of the court, desirous to shew them all courtesie possible fittest for such estates, and to sport them with all courtlie pleasure, agréed among them to prepare a triumph, which was very quicklie concluded; and being devised in most sumptuous order, was by them performed in as valiant a manner to their endlesse fame and honour. The chiefe or challengers in these attempts were these—the Earl of Arundell, the Lord Windsore, Maister Philip Sidneie, and Maister Fulke Greuill, who, calling themselves the four *foster children of desire*, made their inuention of the foresaid triumph in order and forme following.

"The gallerie or place at the end of the tilt-yard, adjoining to hir Majestie's house at Whitehall, wher as hir person should be placed, was called, and *not without cause*, the castell or fortress of *perfect beaultie*, for as much as hir Highness should be *there included*; whereto the said foster children laid title and claime as their due by descent to belong unto them. And upon denial or anie repulse from that their desired patrimonie, they vowed to vanquish and conquer by force who so should seeme to withstand it. For the accomplishing wherof they sent their challenge or first defiance to the Queene's Majestie, which was vttered by a boie, on Sundaie, the sixteenth of Aprill last, as hir Majestie came from the chappell, who being apparelled in red and white, as a martial messenger of Desires fostered children, without making anie precise reuerence at all, vttered these speeches of defiance from his masters to hir Majestie, the effect wherof insueth.

"O ladie, that dooth *intitle* the titles you possesse with the honor of your worthinesse, rather *crowning* the great *crowne* you hold, with the fame to haue so excelleng an owner, than you receiving to yourselfe anie increase, keeping that outward ornament: vouchsafe with patient attention to hear the words which I by commandement am here to deliuer you, wherein, if your ears (used to the thanksgiving of your people and the due praises of the earth) shall feele a *statelie disdain* to heare once the sound of a defe, yet dare I warrant myself so far upon the reprie and deceiuing shew of rare Beaultie, as that malice cannot fall from so faire a mind vpon the sealie messenger, whose mouth is a seruant to others direction. Know yee therefore alonellie princesses, that hereby (for far off they are neuer) there lies encamped the foure long haplesse, now hopefull, fostered children of Desire: who, hauing beene a great while nourished vp with that infectiue milke, and too too much care of their fierie fosterer (though full oft that drie nurse despaire endeauored to weine them from it) being

(To be Continued.)

# THE PRINTING MACHINE.

## ROBINSON'S LIFE OF GENERAL PICTON.

*Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, G. C. B., &c., including his Correspondence. From Originals in possession of his Family. By H. B. Robinson. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: R. Bentley.*

THE lives of most soldiers are best told in the general history of the campaigns in which they fought, and in the war part of the history of their country; nor can we see any good purpose served in devoting cumbrous volumes to second-rate men, and in drily repeating marches, battles, and sieges which have been described a hundred times before, merely in order to exaggerate the fame of a picked hero at the expense of others, and to give him an undue prominence in the picture.

With all our respect for the bravery and activity of Thomas Picton, we must decidedly call him a second-rate man. He, moreover, never properly exercised a separate command—he was a mere General of division, obeying the orders and instructions of an infinitely superior military intellect, whose scope and object he was frequently at a loss to comprehend, and whose greatest military scheme he prejudged and ignorantly condemned. It was well he was no more than this.

"*Tel brille au second rang, qui s'eclipse au premier,*" and had the Peninsular campaigns been managed by the Pictons and Crawfords of our army, the results would have left us nothing to boast of.

We love fair-play in all things, and we say, without any fear of contradiction, for we only repeat the opinion of men who served with him, and who have made the theory and practice of war the study of their whole lives,—we say that to one master mind, and the brilliant military conceptions of the Duke of Wellington, we were indebted for our extraordinary successes in Spain and Portugal.

In these volumes, however, "the Ancient is before the Lieutenant," and the fields of Busacos, Fuentes de Onor, Salamanca, Vittoria and the rest, are all drawn in as integral parts of Picton's life, and thus, throughout the war, he is made to overshadow his chief. The practice is become a common one, and we see no limits that can be put to it. If we are to have long histories of campaigns, in which they acted a subordinate part, given to us as lives of brave Lieutenant-Generals, why not extend the practice to gallant Colonels of regiments and Captains of companies? Nay, why should Tom Pikes, an heroic sergeant-major who has equally fought in all the battles as well as his betters, be omitted in such biographies?

In this manner our military library may become as voluminous as that of the old fathers of the Roman church, even including its interminable list of lives of obscure saints; but seeing how these biographies are executed, we cannot flatter ourselves that our military men will be much improved by their perusal.

Thomas Picton was a Welshman. According to Mr Robinson, he descended from a rich family, and was born at Poynton, in Pembroke, in the year 1758. He was a younger brother, but the death of his mother gave him, early in life, an independent fortune. He obtained an ensigncy in a regiment of foot when he was thirteen years of age. In those times, boy-officers, who ought to have been at school, were very common in our army, a custom which our biographer does not greatly commend. On the Continent the practice was carried to a laughable extent, little noble infants in swaddling clothes having regiments given them at their christening by their royal god-fathers and god-mothers. In some of the petty despotisms this lingers on; and among the curiosities we have seen abroad, was a Colonel of Dragoons in long petticoats. Picton did quiet garrison duty at Gibraltar for five years, and then returned to England just in time to miss the opportunity of distinguishing himself in the memorable siege of that rock. In 1783, when his regiment was

disbanded, he, with characteristic fearlessness and energy, suppressed a dangerous mutiny among the men at Bristol, a service for which he received the thanks of George III. Captain Picton was then placed on the half-pay list, and, as the blessings of peace succeeded the horrors of war, he remained in what he seems to have considered an inglorious ease for the space of twelve years. Our biographer, who is fond of campaigning and rapid promotion, caring little as to the cost of blood and human misery, evidently thinks this a very hard case. But we were soon to have fighting enough for the most craving stomachs. In 1793 began the war of the French revolution. Having vainly solicited the War Office for employment, Picton, at the end of 1794, went out to the West Indies, on his own account and unattached, and there his personal friend Sir John Vaughan, who was then Commander-in-Chief in that part of the world, appointed him to a regiment, and made him his Aide-de-camp. Soon after, and by the same interest, he received his Majority, and was made Deputy Quarter-Master-General. In 1796, when Sir Ralph Abercromby proceeded to reduce the enemies' islands in the West Indies, Picton attached himself to his staff, and was present at the taking of Sainte Lucie (where he was for the first time under fire); and the next year he served with distinction at the capture of Trinidad. On the departure of Sir Ralph from the latter island, he named Lieutenant-Colonel Picton to be Governor and Commandant of the conquest;—an appointment which involved him in difficulties and transactions that threw an enduring blight on his name, and soured a temper which was never a good one.

We do not credit a hundredth part of the tyranny and cruelties of which Picton was publicly accused. But still enough was proved against him to justify, among the English people, the unpopularity into which he fell, and to convince the world that he was a man of an unreflecting, harsh character, who had, even in the common transactions of life, a peculiar aptitude in making himself enemies. Our biographer, of course, would wholly exculpate him, and prove his conduct immaculate throughout; and this, to be sure, is as easy as to say Jack Robinson, if we only follow his plan; and call all those who accused Picton—liars and scoundrels, and all those who believed any part of the accusation—gulls and fools. But even this most partial author is obliged to admit a fact—a damning fact—on which a British jury returned a general verdict of guilty against the Governor—i.e. that Picton signed an order for the torture of a young Spanish or Creole girl of Trinidad. Mr Robinson even prints the order, which is laconically horrible:—

"Appliquez la question à Luise Calderon."  
"TH. PICTON."

(In English.)

"Apply the question (or torture) to Luise Calderon."

After this, all Mr Robinson's long and passionate argumentations are utterly useless; and when he tells us that the question ordered, and which was actually applied, was a mild kind of torture, he only adds contempt to our disgust.

We cannot go into the long details of the trials, and we cannot help thinking that it would have been better for the fame of Picton, if his biographer had left these matters untouched. The public forgot the Governor of Trinidad, in the brave Peninsular General—the leader of "the fighting division," who beat the French; and we question whether the whole story about Luise Calderon and her torture will not be wholly new to an immense number of readers, who will now know it through Mr Robinson. During Picton's several prosecutions, that chaste and virtuous, or, as our biographer calls him, "that eccentric nobleman," the late Duke of Queensberry, offered him any sum under 10,000*l.* to defray his expenses.

In 1809, Picton, who had then the rank of Major-General, accompanied the disgracefully managed, and fatal expedition of Walcheren. Picton was not answerable for those failures;—he served under a daudling, undecided, weak old woman of a Lord, who had owed his rank in the army to his title, and family name and connexions;\* but it *does* appear that every part of the service was badly performed; and all that Picton, in the absence of a master mind, had to suggest, was, that after destroying the batteries and the arsenal of Flushing, they should withdraw army and fleet, and return to England. It would have been a thousand times better had they done so; but this would have been a shameful issue to an expedition that consisted of 39 ships of the line, 36 frigates, a host of gun-boats, bomb-ketches, small armed craft, and transports, having on board 40,000 land troops. Mr Robinson says, that including sailors, marines, &c., there were nearly 100,000 men under the orders of Lord Chatham. This was a sore subject to the good people at home, who vented their spite in songs, lampoons, and caricatures; though, on the whole, the nation bore the unlooked-for reverse, shame, and enormous expense with wonderful equanimity. A well known citizen-courtier and bon-vivant, by a sudden invasion of the martial spirit, determined to accompany the Walcheren expedition—a fact that was sung by our London street-minstrels in a much admired song, of which, at this distance of time, we can only remember the following verse:—

"Great Chatham sailed safe from the Downs,  
With Curtis so loyal and sunny!  
They both sailed back again safe,  
But—cost John Bull eight millions of money!  
Rom-ti-ooddelddee do," &c.

The army left behind was not near so fortunate as the Earl or the Baronet, for nearly one half of the troops was carried off by the Walcheren fever, and a very large portion of those poor fellows who escaped death there, bore with them to the grave the effects of that dreadful disease. General Picton was among the sufferers, and narrowly escaped death.

As a military nation, the dismal affair of Walcheren reduced our reputation on the continent to about its lowest ebb, as the victories in the Peninsula, which soon followed, raised it to its highest mark.

In the sketch of events and remarks with which he introduces his hero's appearance in Spain, Mr Robinson is guilty of injustice to Sir John Moore, an abler General, as brave a soldier, and an incomparably more amiable man than Picton. The secret of Moore's reverses has been cleared up; but our biographer seems to know nothing of this; and not much caring whom he blames, so long as it is not his hero, he continues to repeat exploded errors and prejudices.

Picton joined the Peninsular army early in 1810, when Wellington was making his masterly retreat upon Torres Vedras, and was immediately appointed to the command of the third division of the army. On the morning of the 24th of July 1810, General Crawford, commanding the light division which formed the rear of the retreat, was attacked on the mountain stream of the Coa, in a most unfavourable position, by an immense force; and then, according to Colonel Napier and other historians of the campaign, Picton refused to support Crawford with his third division, on which "a sharp altercation" took place between those fiery commanders, who (adds Napier) "did not often meet without a quarrel." Mr Robinson denies all this, but he brings no evidence, that we can admit, to support his contradiction, whilst the harsh, hasty, quarrelsome temper, and caustic speech of Picton were notorious to all who served with him, and still remain as traditions

\* Our biographer says:—

"The reason for his being selected in preference to the many more able and distinguished officers was unfortunately too apparent: his fortune was embarrassed, and this lucrative command would improve it."



in the British army. At the close of the Spanish war there was only one opinion as to these failings of temper, among staff, officers of the line, and common soldiers; and they were regretted by many who were far from being unfriendly to Picton, but who, on the contrary, enthusiastically admired and revered his courage on the field or in the deadly breach. So general an opinion does not obtain without good grounds, and a man who was so frequently quarrelling could not always be in the right. Mr Robinson appears never even to have seen the face of General Picton, and he cannot overthrow the opinions of men of honour who had frequent intercourse with him, by quoting from letters of which he does not give the names of the writers, or by saying that an officer of distinction (also anonymous) told him such or such things. In the long controversies in which he involves himself about the Peninsular war, he hardly ever gives the names of those whom he quotes as incontestable authorities. About two months after Crawford's affair on the Coa, the British and their allies defeated Marshal Massena on the heights of the Sierra de Busaco, a general engagement in which Picton did his duty admirably as a General of division.

There was nothing in this victory to induce Wellington to change his plan of defending Portugal from behind the admirable lines of Torres Vedras, and shortly after his army was there put in position. According to our biographer, Picton had penetrated all the designs of the Commander-in-Chief, and approved of them, and did homage to his consummate skill; and yet, in direct contradiction to this, he quotes from a letter of Picton's, wherein that General says, "I do not much like our position; it is too extensive to be strong." The army had been within those lines, which, according to Colonel Leith Hay and others, "must always be considered as the noblest specimen of a fortified position," ever since the 7th of October,—Picton's letter (strange to say!) is dated on the 3rd of November, and eleven days after, on the 14th of November, the French, in despair, broke up from their encampments in the immediate front of Torres Vedras; and early in the year of 1811 they were in full retreat from Portugal, cursing those impenetrable lines as the sole cause of their failure. We do not believe that when Picton joined, he penetrated "all the designs" which Wellington kept so close—there were many clever men in the army who did not—but certainly, after seeing the works, and having nearly a month's experience of the lines of Torres Vedras, we should not have expected to hear a General officer condemn them. This does not savour of science—this does not look like that "military genius" which Mr Robinson constantly attributes to Picton.

On the retreat of the French army, "the fighting division" was constantly in the advance, pressing hard on the rear of the enemy. There Picton was in his element, and probably no man in the service could have performed that kind of duty in a more gallant and efficient style. We have no wish to detract from his real and great merits; we would only make them be more generally received, and willingly acknowledged, by detaching from them those asserted qualities to which he had no claim, and which, being set forth by injudicious friends, heated and vexed his spirit while living, and rather obscured than brightened his reputation when dead.

At the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, which was conducted by Lord Wellington in person, Picton was ordered to the main breach, which he determined to carry at the point of the bayonet. "Rangers of Connaught," cried he, to the most ragged but fiercest regiment in his division, "it is not my intention to expend any powder this evening; we'll do the business with the *could iron*."

At the still more frightful siege of Badajoz, where British blood really flowed in torrents, and where, in many places, the fosse or ditch was literally choked up by the bodies of the dead and "wounded, the fighting division" were, the foremost on the walls, which, at one point, were carried by the personal manual exertions of Picton, who had the strength

as well as the courage of the lion. The hour of victory was followed by long saturnalia of blood and crime. We cannot pollute our peaceful and peace-loving columns with horrible details disgraceful to the British name. We believe that ever since the days of Gustavus Adolphus, whose devout army sang hymns of thanksgiving on the field of their victories, and whose drums beat to prayers on the capture of a town, a place taken by assault has always been the scene of great atrocities; but still we should scarcely have been prepared to credit that British troops in the nineteenth century could act as they did both at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. We will pray, if we cannot hope, that when next we are unavoidably drawn into a war, the enlightenment, the gradual progress now making among the long-neglected classes from which the ranks of our armies are filled, will render the repetition of such scenes almost impossible.

We believe Mr Robinson when he says that General Picton, during the horrid two nights and days at Badajoz, exerted himself to the utmost to reduce the drunken, frantic soldiery to order, and that Colonel Bernard, Colonel Cameron, and some other active officers, "belaboured every obstinate fellow most unmercifully about the head with the broken barrels of muskets;" but what we do not quite so readily believe is, that Picton had the skill or the temper previously to reduce the men under his command, to a good ordinary state of discipline and decency. He only looked at the fighting qualities of the men; and during three campaigns his "fighting division" was notoriously inferior to the other parts of the army, in honesty, sobriety, equipment, and cleanliness. This General, who had a striking, cynical sort of humour, which had its effect on his men, though they never liked him, was accustomed to call them, and even to address them, as "his brave ragged rascals."

There is a bit of Picton's humour—an old campaigning story, which Mr Robinson, or rather one of the many authors he quotes, has spoilt in the telling. As we heard it, it ran thus:—

One morning, as his division was marching from quarters they had occupied the preceding night, he saw a straggler hanging about some houses, on the look-out for a little plunder. "Why are you in the rear, fellow? what are you doing here?" roared the General, who had about the loudest voice of any man in his Majesty's service.—"I forgot my gallowses (braces) in that house where I slept, and am only just come back to look for them—that's all," replied the soldier.—"Your gallows!" said Picton, with his grim smile; "you need not look for that—you'll come to the gallows soon enough, you rogue!"

At the time of the battle of Salamanca, Picton was laid up in a sick bed, but the third division, commanded by General Pakenham, contributed their full share to that victory. According to our biographer, when, during the battle, Lord Wellington ordered Pakenham, who supplied Picton's place, to take the heights occupied by the French in his front, and drive everything before him, Pakenham replied, "I will, my Lord, by G—d!" an antithesis which some people will think very ridiculous, and others very profane.

During the decisive battle of Vittoria, Picton was placed in the centre, and it entered into the Commander-in-Chief's views to keep that part of the army for some time inactive. We have some doubts as to the precise accuracy of the following narration, but we give it as we find it in Mr Robinson's book, who sees nothing reprehensible in it, though we fancy most military men will:—

"As the day wore on, and the fight waxed warmer on the right, he became furious, and observed to an officer who communicated these particulars, 'D—n it! Lord Wellington must have forgotten us!' It was near noon, and the men were getting discontented, for the centre had not yet been engaged; Picton's blood was boiling, and his stick was going with rapid strokes upon the mane of his cob; he was riding backwards and forwards, looking in every direction for the arrival of an aide-de-camp, until at length one galloped up from Lord Wellington. He was looking for the seventh division, under Lord Dalhousie, which had not yet

arrived at its post, having had to move over some difficult ground. The aide-de-camp riding up at speed, suddenly checked his horse, and demanded of the general whether he had seen Lord Dalhousie. Picton was disappointed; he expected now, at least, that he might move; and in a voice which did not gain softness from his feelings, he answered in a sharp tone, 'No, Sir! I have not seen his lordship; but have you any orders for me, Sir?'—'None,' replied the aide-de-camp.—'Then, pray Sir,' continued the irritated general, 'what are the orders you do bring?'—'Why,' answered the officer, 'that as soon as Lord Dalhousie, with the seventh division, shall commence an attack upon that bridge' (pointing to one on the left), 'the fourth and sixth are to support him.'

"Picton could not understand the idea of any other division fighting in his front, and drawing himself up to his full height, he said to the astonished aide-de-camp with some passion, 'You may tell Lord Wellington from me, Sir! that the third division under my command shall, in less than ten minutes, attack the bridge and carry it, and the fourth and sixth divisions may support if they choose.' Having thus expressed his intentions, he turned from the aide-de-camp, and put himself at the head of his soldiers, who were quickly in motion towards the bridge, encouraging them, according to the words of an amusing writer, with the bland appellations of, 'Come on, ye rascals! Come on, ye fighting villains!'"

We think we have said enough to give a fair, impartial notion of Sir Thomas Picton's character, and it would not be to our purpose to follow him through the rest of his military career, which finally closed, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, at the battle of Waterloo, where, as with his usual courage and energy, unabated by a bad wound he had received the day before, he was cheering on his troops to a tremendous charge, and waving his sword, he was struck by a ball on the temple, and fell back upon his horse—dead.

#### DR. HOGG'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

*Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem, during the successful Campaign of Ibrahim Pasha. By Edward Hogg, M.D. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley.*

We have been again in Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, but with a travelling companion very different from the gentleman we last followed on this tour. Doctor Hogg never quarrels and fights, but pursues his way in peace and good-will with all men; and if he now and then gives expression to complaints, it is in a gentle manner, and owing chiefly to delicate health, and to his having previously been altogether unaccustomed to the privations and discomforts which all travellers in the East must encounter. He never indulges in the peppery style, the invective and abuse, so common to the reverend tourist we lately dismissed. He is evidently a person who on no account would give any man "a poke in the ribs," or call any human being "a dog." In short, though only a Doctor in Medicine, he seems to have much more christianly feeling than the Reverend Vere Monro.

Doctor Hogg was in Egypt in the summer of 1832—a peculiarly interesting period, when Ibrahim was pushing on to the conquest of Syria and the invasion of Asia Minor; and when it was yet a problem whether Mehemet Ali would be beaten in the great contest, or the Egyptian army march to the very walls of Constantinople. It was a season of exertion and excitement, and a proper time to allow one to judge of the energies and resources of the Pasha's government. The Doctor seems carefully to have noted down what fell under his own observation, and he states his facts in a plain, modest manner, seldom loading them with theories or speculations. We have entire confidence in his veracity.

His first glance at the condition of the common fellahs or peasants in Lower Egypt is not very satisfactory, but agrees perfectly with all that we have lately heard and read about the country:—

"The rulers of this impoverished land live in affluence; the wretched inhabitants obtain just food enough to support existence; a large revenue is raised by arbitrary exactions; the bastinado enforces payment; the governors are satisfied, and the governed are compelled sullenly and silently to submit."

Such a fact as this is not calculated to inspire confidence in the stability of the Egyptian dynasty, or to give us an affection for Mehemed Ali's government, although some good has been mixed with evil, and in several important matters that government has benefitted the cause of civilization.

On the 18th of June, 1832, Doctor Hogg was presented to the Pasha, who is undeniably one of the most remarkable men of the age:—

"We reached the palace about eight o'clock, after a ride through the town of at least a mile. We then entered a mean gateway, and, crossing part of a large enclosure, round which are several detached edifices, ascended a wide flight of steps leading to a spacious, irregular hall. This, on one side, was occupied by a row of thickly-placed windows, and the two ends were furnished with long divans, on which a few persons, engaged in conversation, were carelessly reclining. On the other were two apartments, the doors of which stood open; and between them was a large square recess, surrounded also with a divan, and cooled by open windows. Here we found Mr Boghoz,\* an Armenian Christian, the favourite minister, confidential counsellor, and chief interpreter of the Pasha, who received us most courteously, and immediately addressed us with great fluency in Italian. He was soon called to attend his duties, and we removed into the adjoining hall to witness the ceremony of evening prayer, which was announced in the same loud, chanting tone, that I had daily heard from the minarets.

"A considerable portion of the floor was speedily covered with mats, when at least thirty attendants assembled, and began their devotions. Two persons alternately chanted prayers, and verses from the Koran; and one of them, habited in yellow, led the vocal part of the service, always commencing the genuflexions and prostrations. The whole party frequently knelt down—still continued their repetitions;—and then made prostrations, touching the ground several times with their foreheads. Again they stood up, proceeding with their chant, and again and again repeated at intervals their prostrations, till the whole ceremonial was gone through. This devotional exercise, thus conducted with exemplary solemnity, is repeated every evening at the same hour.

"It was no sooner concluded than an attendant came forward to usher us into the august presence of the ruler of Egypt. We proceeded into a large room, lighted by numerous windows on every side except that by which we entered. The Pasha was standing up, but when he perceived our approach he hastily took his accustomed seat in the corner with great alertness. Round three sides of the room was a broad scarlet divan, supplied with cushions of gold brocade resting against the walls. The corners were distinguished as places of honour by a square of crimson and gold silk, with a cushion of the same colour and material at the back of each. Mr Boghoz and a rich Greek merchant, a favourite and frequent attendant on the Pasha, were standing near him, in attitudes of humility, and near the door were stationed three attendants.

"We were each presented in due form to his Highness, who graciously saluted us, and made inquiries after our health, through the medium of Mr Boghoz. The Pasha then, with a courteous movement of the hand, invited us to take seats by his side. The usual questions, relative to the place we last came from, where we proposed going, and the object of our journey, having been asked and answered with much facility and address by the state Dragoman,—for the Pasha speaks no language but Turkish,—we were told that his highness always felt pleasure in satisfying the curiosity of strangers, and would cheerfully reply to any inquiries we might wish to make. This induced us to speak of our projected journey to Damascus, and to ask if it might be considered at this moment as practicable and safe. We were told in reply, that the taking of Acre, and the consequent rapid advance of Ibrahim Pasha in Syria, must speedily lead to the subjugation of the whole country;—that Damascus possessed no adequate means of resisting his victorious progress, and had no doubt already fallen, although there had not been time to receive the expected intelligence;—that in passing through a country which now acknowledged the Pasha's authority, we should be furnished with such a firman as would ensure our safety, and obtain for us any assistance we might require;—that should we hear of the quiet surrender of Damascus before quitting Egypt, we might, if we pleased, proceed thither in our Frank clothes; but if the city had been forcibly entered, he would recommend us to assume the Turkish dress, as he could not answer for the effect of unsuccessful opposition upon an irritated and fanatic population.

"Mr Thurnburn agreed with his highness in opinion as to the expediency of adopting the costume of the country, observing, that hats had seldom been seen at Damascus, and the appearance of them at this juncture might produce discontent, or even public disturbance. The Pasha replied that the inhabitants of that city had always been barbarous, fanatic, and untractable; but, that before the end of a year, if it remained in his posses-

sion, the English consul, who had formerly been refused admission, should be established in peace and security, and hats no longer be considered a rarity. This last remark was accompanied with an arch look, and a hearty English laugh, on the part of the Pasha, in which the only two of his audience who understood the equivocal meaning of the word, as heartily joined,—for hats are held in such abomination by the Turks as to be continually the subjects of wit and ridicule.

"Coffee, without sugar, was now served in small ordinary China cups, and first presented to the Pasha. Each cup placed within a plain silver stand, resembling an egg-cup with a low foot, was brought into the room without a salver, and presented, with a salaam, by a separate attendant. When emptied, it was taken away in the usual uncouth Turkish manner,—the palm of one hand being held out to receive it, while that of the other was placed over it, and, carrying it thus, the servant slowly retired.

"The Pasha still continued the conversation, and appeared to attach little importance to the weak and ill-combined efforts of his Syrian opponents. He said, that on the advance of his son Ibrahim, the Pasha of Damascus applied to the assembled Pashas of the adjoining districts, who had collected their forces at no great distance, for such aid as would enable him efficiently to resist the invading troops; but they replied, that the Sultan's army was advancing, and that the Turkish fleet would soon reach Tripoly; he had therefore only to wait patiently for these auxiliaries in order to be effectually protected. But the Pasha added, with great glee, that the chief towns in Syria, before that time, would fall into his hands, and the united troops of his adversaries speedily be dispersed by those already sent against them.

"He referred at some length to himself, and his own early proceedings.† He said that he came into Egypt a mere unprotected soldier, with nothing but his sword and his courage to befriend him,—for he had not even secured the support of an influential patron in the supreme divan at Constantinople, an advantage which those sent to distant countries generally took care to obtain;—that his ambition, at that time, did not aspire to a very high grade; but by taking advantage of circumstances as they arose, and by judiciously managing the various classes of men with whom he had to deal, he had gradually, and by his own efforts only, raised himself to the station he now filled.

"This was the substance of a long discourse,—for he sometimes entered so circumstantially into details, that there was no hope of accurately remembering them. What he said, however, left an impression on the mind, that he valued himself chiefly upon the profound policy with which he had always acted; and considered himself as solely indebted, for the successful completion of all his plans, to the skill and dexterity with which he had made others unconsciously subservient to his own views.

"We now thought it right to terminate our audience, leaving the naval Captains to continue the conversation.

"The Pasha was simply dressed,—without either embroidery or jewels,—and wore a sabre plainly mounted in gold. His stature is rather under the middle size,—he does not appear to be more than sixty,—is plump and well-looking,—with dark, restless, piercing eyes,—an animated countenance,—and a prepossessing manner. He is still fresh and unwrinkled; and although his beard is silvery, it adds only a certain dignity to his aspect, without giving him the appearance of age. His manner of speaking is quick and lively, he laughs often and heartily, and is quite free from that air of solemn dulness so characteristic of the Turks, and probably produced by the narcotic fumes they perpetually inhale.

"On the divan, a neatly-folded cambric pocket-handkerchief, and a European gold snuff-box, to which occasionally he had recourse, lay by his side. After our coffee, a pipe was brought for himself only, this mark of honour being never conferred on any British subject below the rank of a peer.

"The spacious apartment in which we were received, notwithstanding its splendid divan, had an empty, forlorn look. From the ceiling, indeed, a handsome glass chandelier, filled with wax lights, was suspended; but the only article of cabinet furniture it contained, was a small round table standing in the middle of the room, and upon this was placed a silver filagree branch with wax-lights, each in a separate glass shade. The dreary, unpainted walls were only varied, near the door, by having, on each side, four or five coloured prints, in black frames, disposed without order, close together; and these seemed to consist, either of a set of marine signals, or of the national colours of maritime powers.

We took our departure with as little ceremony as we had entered, and, on returning to the recess we had previously occupied, found several English residents,

\* It was afterwards explained to us that the Pasha, on this occasion, had indulged in a pun.

† The Pasha, in alluding to his military career, forcibly described his original grade by saying that "he had not even an attendant to light his pipe."

enjoying the cool of the evening, in conversation with some of the officers of the palace, under an open window, upon the divan.

"In the course of half-an-hour, the noise of people collecting in the hall, announced that the pasha was about to quit the palace. He passed slowly along, preceded by lights, and followed by a numerous train. All advanced and made their reverences to him on his way, which he returned with a smile, and a gracious inclination of the head. He then descended the stairs, mounted a grey horse, and, amidst the glare of torches, and the crowding of attendants, rode across the square, a distance, perhaps, of fifty yards, where he entered the harem, and his followers filed off to the right and left.

"Mr Boghoz, and our naval compatriots, soon joined us, and we all entered a neighbouring apartment as the guests of the state dragoman. Coffee was again offered, and we were then complimented with pipes, which had amber mouth-pieces, magnificently set with diamonds."

The whole account of this scene is rather pleasing, and favourable to the old soldier of fortune, whilst his triumph over the fierce fanaticism of the people of Damascus, gives him, as we recently said, a claim to the gratitude of civilized men.

A few days after the audience Dr Hogg saw the Abdallah Pasha, who, a few weeks before, had been taken prisoner after a long and brave defence of Acre against Ibrahim Pasha and the Egyptian army. The Doctor was surprised to find this Pasha a shabby-looking fellow; but nearly all that majestic and distinguished air former travellers have talked about, depended on the flowing oriental costume; lay more in the turban, the shawl, and the ample robes, than in the men themselves; and now that Sultan Mahmoud in his reforms has curtailed their breeches to the dimensions of our own, put plain cloth coats with brass buttons on their backs, and discarded the turban altogether, leaving but the red skull cap or *fez* (as they call it) which used to be only the nucleus of the turban, buried under a mountain of muslin or silk, in very truth most of the Turks we have seen, not excepting even Mahmoud himself, do cut very ordinary figures. The *fez* has been for sometime past a very common sight in the streets of London, so that many of our readers can judge for themselves whether it is not almost as vulgar and unbecoming a thing as a butcher's red worsted night-cap. A few months ago a dinner was given at the Star and Garter at Richmond to the Sultan's Ambassador, who went attended by some thirty or forty Turks, among whom there were not above four that had the appearance of gentlemen, or were at all good-looking. The waiters at the inn took the first posse which arrived, for, the great man's servants, and we are not surprised at it, although, in reality, they were all members of great families—the sons of Beys or government officers; but the inn servants were almost struck dumb when the Ambassador himself rolled up to the door in a dirty brown frock-coat, clumsy English shoes, and grey worsted stockings. "Bless my soul," said one of the plate and napkin men, "and they call them Turks!" The poor fellow had probably seen 'Timour the Tartar,' or 'Blue Beard,' in all the glory of the stage, and was naturally disappointed. When we English sat down to table, although there were no Beys among us, and the only person at all approaching to the dignity of a Pasha was the Lord Mayor of London, we most decidedly eclipsed those very Turks, who, had they been dressed as they used to be ten years ago, would have completely thrown us into the shade, and made our black coats and pantaloons look surpassingly shabby things. How Mahmoud ever overcame the prejudice of his subjects against succinct trowsers we are utterly at a loss to conceive. To express their contempt of a man's personal appearance, the Turks in former times used to call him "narrow-breeches," or "tight-breeches," and that spoke volumes, conveying an idea of everything that was mean and unsightly.

It was dress made the men, and not manners and person. And talking of this, the most majestic, dignified-looking Turk we almost ever beheld, was a retired London brewer, who took a fancy to the East, let his beard grow, and spent plenty of money in Macassar oil, turbans, caftans, swords, mounted pistols, and papouches. We would have backed

\* Now Boghoz Bey.



our brewer, three to one, against any "three-tailed Pasha" going. But we are digressing, and must let Doctor Hogg describe a real Turk:—

"As I returned one morning from a ride, I met in the town a group of horsemen, proceeding at a quick pace. They seemed to excite universal attention, and received a salute from a guard they passed. In hastily endeavouring to get out of the way, my donkey-driver pointed out the principal personage as Abdallah Pasha. I remained a few minutes stationary, to allow them to pass, and had thus a very good sight of the captive Chief of Acre. With some astonishment, I perceived that he was a mere common-place vulgar-looking man without the slightest pretension to any thing military or commanding in his appearance;—his age from thirty-five to forty,—rather negligently dressed, but his crimson velvet saddle-cloth, and indeed all the trappings of his horse, covered with glittering ornaments and pendent tassels. He was accompanied by a numerous retinue, as well no doubt for security as for state, and thus attended, he enjoys a certain degree of liberty."

Our amiable traveller confirms all that we have learned from other quarters respecting the activity of Mehemed Ali and his enormous exertions to restore his navy, and put it even into better condition than it was in previously to the battle of Navarino. In the next extract he gives an account of a visit paid to the dock-yard or arsenal:—

"Two days before we quitted Alexandria I inspected the arsenal, but was too late to see the Pasha, who had just returned to the palace. He comes every day to this scene of preparation and activity, and seems to inspect with great satisfaction the progress of the numerous mechanics here busily employed. The great object of attraction, however, as well to himself as to strangers, is the huge line-of-battle ship now constructing, pierced for one hundred and thirty guns. The sides of this stately vessel literally swarm with workmen—a strange mixture of Europeans and natives—whose noisy hammers and discordant voices form a deafening Babel of confusion; but amidst all this, order and regularity everywhere predominate. The Pasha's impatience to add to the number and strength of his fleet far outstrips the rapid progress of the busy crowd here constantly employed, although their efforts, even in Europe, would be highly extolled."

But these efforts are made at a tremendous cost of human comfort and happiness, and the Pasha, after all, is a selfish, grasping, grinding, ambitious despot, who may clear away obstructions, and open the ground for wiser and better men, but who is himself wholly unfit for the glorious task of building up a separate nation, whose real strength must ever depend on the prosperity and well-being of the mass of the subject people. With scarcely a single hold on the gratitude or affection of Egyptians, Arabs, Nubians, Syrians, or the other races that now tremble under his iron rod, we should scarcely be surprised to see the power, which it has taken thirty years to acquire, broken up and lost in the course of a single summer. The variety of races and tribes that now obey Mehemed Ali without any common interest or attachment to one another—without any national character—is at once a source of strength and of weakness. We cannot enter on this vast subject, but think the following observations made by so impartial a traveller as Doctor Hogg will be read with great interest:—

"It cannot for a moment be doubted that the ruler of Egypt, always a wary, watchful, and selfish politician, has never, from the beginning, confined his ambitious projects within the limits originally assigned him by his Turkish master. That in energy of mind, and in the comprehensiveness of his views, he far surpasses all other Eastern sovereigns is universally admitted; nor is it less certain that he has long been an object of jealousy to the Porte, and on more occasions than one has adroitly slipped his neck from the Turkish bowstring. Actuated, however, by no motive but self-interest, and deeply imbued with the sordid, narrow principles of oriental policy, he is utterly reckless of the happiness or misery of his degraded subjects."

"Endowed by nature with an active spirit of inquiry, and gifted with an extraordinary share of sagacity, he has burst the shackles of Moslem bigotry and intolerance, and has become, by long intercourse with Europeans, the most enlightened of Musselman rulers. Improvements and regulations of high importance have in consequence been introduced into his government, but hitherto they have principally tended to secure within his own grasp the profit of European commercial intercourse, and to enable him by the strength of his military and naval establishments to repel any attempt to interfere with his plans."

"To aggrandize and enrich himself, and to perpetu-

ate these advantages to his family, have been the paramount objects of his life. Hence the universal monopolies that he has established, heedless of the national benefit or injury they may be calculated to produce; hence the enormous revenue that he extorts, regardless of the misery its exaction inflicts upon an impoverished population; and hence the intimidating attitude he has long assumed, ready to spring forth whenever opposition should rouse him from his lair. Thus nothing is too great for his ambition, or too small for his avarice. To such a length, indeed, has this grasping disposition been carried, that the wretched Arabs are restrained from converting even the succulent plants, that grow at their doors, into an article of profitable export; and the very ordure of their camels, which, mixed with mud, forms their only fuel, contributes its tithe to swell the hoards of the pasha."

"The possession of the surface of the soil throughout the whole country has been resumed, as an appanage of the government, acquired by right of conquest; and every capacious and well-constructed edifice, wherever it may be situated, is either a government store or a government manufactory. Thus all belongs to the government,—and the government is the pasha; the people are mere appendages to the soil,—their labour and their lives equally subject to his arbitrary will. Like the Israelites of old, groaning under the burden and smarting under the task, their resources are unfeelingly diminished, and yet they are compelled to supply the insatiable demands of an inexorable taskmaster."

"That Egyptian civilization advances is evidenced by the excessive taxation with which everything tangible is loaded, so that a reward might safely be offered for the suggestion of a new and profitable impost; and as arbitrary power knows no bounds, the lord of the soil compels the cultivation of such articles, and such only, as will be most profitable to himself; purchases the produce at a price fixed by his own agents, shuts his warehouses till the state of the market is satisfactory, and then sells for his own individual advantage. Only last year, when a general scarcity prevailed, and the pasha's granaries were overflowing, no corn was allowed to be issued until largely mixed with what was damaged and unwholesome; and this, retailed at an extravagant price, the people were compelled by necessity to consume. Thus everything finds its way into the storehouses and coffers of the 'magnanimous' pasha; the proprietor of the soil; the monopolizing merchant; the exclusive manufacturer; the possessor of all."

Doctor Hogg went by sea from Alexandria to the Syrian Tripoly, whence he proceeded, inland, by Mount Lebanon, to the ruins of Liamoony and Balbec. From the latter place, crossing Anti-Lebanon, he went to Damascus, where, under the auspices of the Egyptians, who had very recently possessed themselves of that city, he was received with great civility. From some ancient fragments he discovered at the village of Zook, about eighteen miles from Damascus, he concluded that the spot was the site of Abila, a town of repute both in classical and church history. His description of Damascus, and the beautiful country in its neighbourhood, and his account of the new British trade establishing itself there, will all be read with pleasure and profit. He afterwards visited the country of the Druses, Tyre, Acre, Jaffa, Jerusalem, with the many interesting spots round that holy city; and then, returning to Alexandria, he ascended the Nile, and went through Upper Egypt and Nubia, as far as the second cataract. He has very judiciously put his notes on the last part of his trip into a very small compass. Of late years we have had a literary inundation of the Nile, and so much has been published on that subject by learned and unlearned travellers, that the mere mention of the river, or of the pyramids, the tombs, the mummy pits, crocodiles, or temple at Dendera, gives us an unconquerable fit of yawning.

At the immensely ancient Thebes, whose hundred gates thunder along the verse of Homer, and whose splendour swells the prose of Herodotus, the Doctor found the sovereignty of the place vested, as it were, in a Mr and Mrs Hay, "who have resided there some time in a capacious, excavated tomb, commodiously and comfortably arranged." A circle of artists in Mr Hay's employment lived next door, in another tomb. On Christmas-day they all dined in Mr Hay's tomb, and New-Year's-day was hospitably and duly kept in the magnificent tomb opened by the late Signor Belzoni, where Doctor Hogg and Mr Hoskins gave a *fête* to the whole party. If mummies, or the disembodied spirits of Egyptians who lived three or four thousand years ago, could have

heard and seen what passed in that necropolis, how would they have been astonished as the Doctor filled Mrs Hay's glass, as Mr Hoskins took wine with Mr Hay, or as they together drank that heart-reaching toast (never forgotten by English travellers, who are good men and true; albeit some of them may have many more friends abroad), "ALL FRIENDS AT HOME!"

We would rather have the retrospect of such a dinner, than the prospect of a royal or imperial banquet, or the assurance of dining at my Lord Mayor's table, which is said to be the most gorgeous of all things in the dinner line. But regrets or longings are useless. We thank Doctor Hogg for his few lines on these Theban dinners; as well as for the amusement he has afforded us generally; and take our leave of him with very kindly feelings.

#### EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

*Public Gardens on the Continent.*—Frankfort is surrounded, except on the side bounded by the Maine, with a pleasure ground at least two miles in length, and occupying the breadth of the former ditch and ramparts; it is laid out in the English style, and affords great variety of shady walks and picturesque scenery, with the grand advantage of being accessible from every part of the city in a few minutes. One peculiar feature of this pleasure ground is, that it is not confined to trees and shrubs, but contains a profusion of the choicest roses, gorgeous chrysanthemums, &c. In 1827 even pelargoniums and Tigridia Pavonia, planted in large masses of each, and intermixed with vast beds of mignonette, were in a high state of luxuriance and beauty. Nothing could be more brilliant than the display of this garden in September in that year, when the georginas, and the superb clumps of *Brugmansia suaveolens*, *Salvia coccinea*, &c., were in flower; and, as a proof of the scale on which it is managed, and the attention paid to it, it may be mentioned, that the gardeners were then preparing a bed of irregular figure, wholly for pinks, above sixty feet long, and from nine to fifteen feet broad, which they were trenching two feet deep, after laying manure at the bottom of each trench, and carefully picking out the stones. This garden affords a striking and, to an Englishman, very mortifying proof of the great superiority of the manners of the German lower classes over those of the English. Though merely separated from a public high-road by a low hedge, which may be stridden across; though at all times accessible (there being no doors or gates of any kind to the entrances) to every individual of a population of 50,000 souls; and though constantly frequented by servants and children of all descriptions, not a flower, or even a leaf, of any one of the plants, from the earliest and most showy to the humblest, seems ever touched. Even the beds of mignonette looked as untrodden and untouched, as if in an English private garden. It is needless to say how utterly impossible it would be to have near any large English town a similar garden thus open to the public, and thus scrupulously kept from injury: and yet there were apparently no persons to watch; and, instead of heavy penalties, a printed paper was affixed to a board at each entrance, expressing, in German, that the public authorities having originally formed, and annually keeping up the garden for the gratification of the citizens, its trees, shrubs, and flowers, are committed to the safeguard of their individual protection. This simple appeal is quite sufficient.—*London's Encyclopedia of Gardening.*

*Advantages to be derived from the Establishment of Schools of Art in England for the Instruction of Artizans.*—At a recent meeting of the Manchester Mutual Improvement Society (a very useful association of young men belonging to the Mechanics' Institute, who assemble periodically for the purpose of hearing a lecture read by one of their number, which is afterwards followed by discussion) the subject of conversation for the evening was the "Importance of the Study of Mathematics to Workmen engaged in Mechanical and other Arts." It was introduced by Mr Isaac Newton, who read a paper which he stated was not his own production, but merely an attempt to translate the introductory preface to the '*Géométrie appliquée à l'Industrie*' of M. Bergery, an eminent French mathematician, who had written the discourse with a view to encourage the formation of habits of industry and a love of knowledge amongst the working men of France. It contained a number of excellent arguments in favour of Mechanics' Institutes and Schools of Art. In alluding to the manufacturing industry of England, the author says:—"The English surpass us in industry; their productions are better finished and more sought after than ours; they are offered at lower prices, and we shall be gradually driven from every market. If we cease to oppose them by no other barriers than those of prohibitions, which enrich a few and ruin France, all our foreign commerce will soon be in their hands, and our manufactories must cease to work." He then



shows the necessity of his countrymen striving vigorously in the course of improvement:—"Let the English find us everywhere on their steps, and, if possible, let us surpass them; let us improve and extend our industry, that it may become equal, nay, superior to theirs." To this animated exhortation he adds:—"In the arts which require *taste* we have given incontestable proof of our superiority, and that we may excel equally in other works, or at least not be surpassed by our rivals, we only want schools, where, by popular instruction, we may learn the principles and practice of science."

It is gratifying to see, that, in place of the feelings of hostility formerly subsisting between the two countries, and which so often brought them into embittered contests for warlike supremacy, a peaceful competition has sprung up for superiority in industry and the useful arts. M. Bergery states truly that his countrymen excel ours in various works of taste; and, in order that they may approach nearer to us in those branches of industry in which they confess their inferiority, he proposes schools for popular instruction in the principles and practice of science. M. Bergery is aware of the share which establishments of this description have had in diffusing a knowledge and love of art amongst the workmen engaged in the silk-trade, and he knows that the esteem in which the silks of France are held is to be traced to the instruction which these schools afford.\* If the means which have occasioned superiority on one particular point be applied in a more extensive manner in France, it is time that we should bestow some attention on the probable consequence of our artisans being longer deprived of the advantages which are enjoyed in that country.

*State of Education in the Borough of Manchester.*—In the returns made under Lord Kerry's motion for ascertaining the state of education in England and Wales, there were so many errors in the returns from Manchester, that it was determined by that excellent institution the 'Manchester Statistical Society,' to investigate for themselves the state of the town in respect to education. In the returns alluded to, the errors for the township of Manchester (which includes less than three-fourths of the population of the borough) are proved to have amounted to an under statement of 181 schools, and 8,646 scholars; but not only has the society been enabled to correct former reports, but also to present an interesting account of the existing means of education, and some information calculated to shew by what sort of agents the work is carried on. The population of the borough amounts to 200,000, and it appears that the numbers at present attending the schools of all kinds are as follows:—

10,108 attend day and evening schools only.  
10,011 attend both day and Sunday schools.  
23,185 attend Sunday schools only.

43,304

Thus 23,000 scholars receive Sunday school instruction only; but the Committee of the Statistical Society remark that these schools must be regarded "as holding a very important place among the existing means of education for the lower classes of the people. The habits of order and regularity the children acquire—the religious and moral instruction they receive—the early practice of attendance on divine worship—the friendly communication with those above them—and the kind and social feelings that are cultivated where a large number are drawn together by the same object of innocent pleasure or mutual interest,—must and do secure to those who frequent these schools, some of the happiest and the most valuable results of education."

The whole number of children between the ages of 5 and 15, is about 50,000; and the report states that of the 43,304 children of all ages under instruction, 33,000 belong to this period of life, thus shewing that 2-3rds are receiving some sort of education, and 1-3rd none of any description.

The committee next proceed to notice the character of the education which is given, and the institutions where it is obtained; beginning with the 'Dame Schools,' of which the following account is given:—

"*Dame Schools.*—Under this head are included all those schools in which reading only, and a little sewing, are taught. This is the most numerous class of schools, and they are generally in the most deplorable condition. The greater part of them are kept by

females, but some by old men, whose only qualification for this employment seems to be their unfitness for every other. Many of these teachers are engaged at the same time in some other employment, such as shop-keeping, sewing, washing, &c., which renders any regular instruction among their scholars absolutely impossible. Indeed, neither parents nor teachers seem to consider this as the principal object in sending their children to these schools, but generally say, that they go there in order to be taken care of, and to be out of the way at home. Yet it is curious that a very frequent objection made against Infant Schools, both by the parents and teachers, was, that the children learn nothing there. The dames themselves naturally regard these schools, and all similar innovations, with a very hostile eye, as encroaching on their province, and likely, before very long, to break up their trade entirely.

"These schools are generally found in very dirty unwholesome rooms—frequently in close damp cellars, or old dilapidated garrets. In one of these schools eleven children were found in a small room, in which one of the children of the Mistress was lying in bed ill of the measles. Another child had died in the same room, of the same complaint, a few days before; and no less than thirty of the usual scholars were then confined at home with the same disease.

"In another school all the children to the number of twenty were squatted upon the bare floor, there being no benches, chairs, or furniture of any kind, in the room. The Master said his terms would not yet allow him to provide forms, but he hoped that as his school increased, and his circumstances thereby improved, he should be able sometime or other to afford this luxury.

"In by far the greater number of these schools there were only two or three books among the whole number of scholars. In others there was not one; and the children depended for their instruction on the chance of some one of them bringing a book, or a part of one, from home. Books, however, are occasionally provided by the Mistress; and in this case the supply is somewhat greater, but in almost all cases it is exceedingly deficient. One of the best of these schools is kept by a blind man, who hears his scholars their lessons, and explains them with great simplicity. He is, however, liable to interruption in his academic labours, as his wife keeps a mangle, and he is obliged to turn it for her.

"Occasionally, in some of the more respectable districts, there are still to be found one or two of the old primitive Dame Schools, kept by a tidy, elderly female, whose school has an appearance of neatness and order, which strongly distinguishes it from the generality of this class of schools. The terms, however, are here somewhat higher, and the children evidently belong to a more respectable class of parents.

"The terms of Dame Schools vary from 2d. to 7d. a week, and average 4d. The average yearly receipts of each mistress are about 17l. 16s.

"The number of children attending these Dame Schools is 4,722; but it appears to the committee that no instruction really deserving the name, is received in them; and in reckoning the number of those to be considered as partaking of the advantages of useful education, these children must be left entirely out of the account."

The common day schools are not on an average a great deal better. The masters are ignorant, and at the same time extremely vain of their acquirements. The report says:—

"One of them observed, during a visit paid to his school, that there were too many schools to do any good, adding, 'I wish government would pass a law, that nobody but *them* as is *high larn* should keep school, and then we might stand a chance to do some good.'

"Most of the masters and mistresses of these schools seemed to be strongly impressed with the superiority of their own plans to those of any other school, and were very little inclined to listen to any suggestions respecting improvements in the system of education that had been made in other places.—'The old road is the best,' they would sometimes say. One master stated, that he had adopted a system which he thought would at once supply the great desiderata in education.—'It is simply,' he said, 'in watching the dispositions of the children, and putting them especially to that particular thing which they take to.' In illustration of this system, he called upon a boy about ten years of age, who had taken to Hebrew, and was just beginning to learn it; the master acknowledging that he himself was learning too, in order to teach his pupil. On being asked whether he did not now and then find a few who did not *take* to anything, he acknowledged that it was so; and this, he said, was the only weak point in his system, as he feared that he should not be able to make much of those children.

"One of these Masters, who was especially conscious of the superior excellence of his establishment, as soon as he was acquainted with the object of the visit, began to dilate upon the various sciences with which he was familiar, among which he enumerated Hydraulics, Hydrostatics, Geography, Geology, Etymology, and Entomology. It was suggested to him that they had better perhaps take the list of queries in their order. On coming to the subjects taught in the schools, he was

asked—Do you teach Reading and Writing?—Yes! Arithmetic?—Yes! Grammar and Composition?—Certainly! French?—Yes! Latin?—Yes! Greek?—Yes, yes. Geography?—Yes, &c.; and so on till the list of Queries was exhausted, answering every question in the affirmative. As he concluded the visitor remarked, 'This is *multum in parvo* indeed,' to which the Master immediately replied, 'Yes, I teach that; you may put that down too.'

"They show very little disposition to adopt any of the improvements that have elsewhere been made in the system of instruction. The terms are generally low, and it is no uncommon thing to find the Master professing to regulate his exertions by the rate of payment received from his pupils,—saying that he gives enough for 4d., 6d., or 8d. a-week; but that if the scholars would pay higher, he should teach them more. The payments vary from 3d. to 1s. 6d. per week; the greater number being from 6d. to 9d., and the average receipts of the Master being 16s. or 17s. a-week.

"There are very few schools in which the sexes are entirely divided; almost every Boys' School containing some girls, and every Girls' School a few boys. They are chiefly the children of mechanics, warehousemen, or small shopkeepers, and learn reading, writing, and arithmetic; and in a very few of the better class of schools, a little grammar and geography.

"In the great majority of these schools there seems to be a complete want of order and system. In one of the seminaries of learning, where there were about 130 children, the noise and confusion was so great as to render the replies of the master to the enquiries put to him totally inaudible; he made several attempts to obtain silence, but without effect; at length, as a last effort, he ascended his desk, and striking it forcibly with a ruler, said in a strong Hibernian accent, 'I'll tell you what it is, boys, the first I hear make a noise, I'll call him up, and kill him entirely;' and then perceiving probably on the countenance of his visitor some expression of dismay at this murderous threat, he added quickly in a more subdued tone, 'almost I will.' His menace produced no more effect than his previous appeals had done. A dead silence succeeded for a minute or two; then the whispering recommenced, and the talking, shuffling of feet, and general disturbance was soon as bad as ever. The master gave up the point, saying, as he descended from his desk, 'You see the brutes, there's no managing them!' The confusion arising from this defect, added to the very low qualifications of the master, the number of scholars under the superintendence of one teacher, the irregularity of attendance, the great deficiency of books, and the injudicious plans of instruction, or rather the want of any plan, render them nearly inefficient for any purposes of real education.

"Religious instruction is seldom attended to, beyond the rehearsal of a catechism; and moral education, real cultivation of mind, and improvement of character, are totally neglected. 'Morals!' said one master, in answer to the enquiry whether he taught them; 'morals! how am I to teach morals to the like of these?'

"The Committee met with two instances of schools kept by masters of some abilities, but much given to drinking, who had, however, gained such a reputation in their neighbourhood, that after spending a week or fortnight in this pastime, they could always fill their school-rooms again as soon as they returned to their post. The children during the absence of the masters go to other schools for the week, or play in the streets, or are employed by their parents in running errands, &c. On another occasion, one of these instructors and guardians of the morals of our youth was met issuing from his school-room at the head of his scholars to see a fight in the neighbourhood; and instead of stopping to reply to any educational queries, only uttered a breathless invitation to come along and see the sport.

"The Girls' Schools are generally in much better condition than the Boys' Schools, and have a greater appearance of cleanliness, order, and regularity. This seems to arise in part from the former being more constantly employed, and the scholars being fewer in number to each teacher."

The schools belonging to the Mechanics' Institute are noticed as being greatly superior to most of the superior private schools. "The subjects here studied," they observe, "are taught by men of judgment and ability;" and add:—"Few things would tend more to diffuse the advantages of education among the people, than the extension of similar institutions to other parts of the town, and to other towns throughout the country, more especially if the terms required, the subjects taught, and still more the manner of teaching them, were adapted to interest, attract and instruct the lower orders, the really labouring classes of the community." Referring to the infant schools, a regret is expressed as to their not being more numerous: there are only five in the borough.

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From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Pulteney Street.

\* In an inquiry of the Chamber of Commerce of St Etienne into the differences of the cost of production between that place and Coventry, the opinions expressed, resolved themselves into the following results:—That the price of labour in England is about 30 per cent. higher than in St Etienne;—that this difference would produce a difference of only 10 per cent. in the cost of the goods, as, on the whole production, labour cannot be estimated to reckon for more than a third;—that the great and important superiority was in the better taste, the variety and constant reproduction of patterns, the creation of fashion, in all which particulars England was much in arrears. At a meeting, held on the 2d of May, 1832, at St Etienne, a number of English patterns were produced. They were literal copies of French designs, and the prices at which they were sold were under those at which the same articles were originally sold at St Etienne; but they were not new. The English patterns were behind the fashion. The leading manufacturer of St Etienne stated, that only one single element was wanting in England—*taste*; and that, if that were accessible, he, were he established in England, would defy any French rivalry.—P. 40, *Dr Bouring's Report on the Commerce of France and England.*